

The Evening World.

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## DETECTION THAT DETECTS.

McClusky's methods of detective work continue to demonstrate their superiority by their tangible results. The unravelling of the Mafia mystery, an exceedingly quick and creditable performance; the prompt apprehension of the suspect in the McMahon assault case; the arrest of "Joe" Kiloran within three weeks after his re-appearance in his old haunts, confident that eight years of absence had blurred the memory of his crime and escape—this is an enviable ten days' record of accomplished facts in the detection of crime and the capture of criminals. The Broadway crowds that cheered the Inspector bestowed praise where it is generously due.

But the catalogue of McClusky's achievements is not comprised in these few citations of efficiency. There was the whispered word from him that closed Tenderloin gambling-houses that had withstood the assaults of axe and hattering ram. There was the expulsion of the crooks from Broadway, an exodus remarkable in the annals of the Police Department. There was the institution of a new and stricter dead-line around Wall street.

As The Evening World pointed out long ago, McClusky's methods are largely Byrnes methods. But is it too much to say that the pupil, by present indications, bids fair to improve on the master? Certainly he is giving the city an administration of the Detective Bureau which in competence and capacity it has not attained since the master's retirement—which a century of Titans could not attain.

One of the recognized and essential proofs of greatness in a chief executive is his ability to select capable subordinates. The community is prepared to indorse the statement that in the selection of McClusky Commissioner Greene has demonstrated his fitness in this particular.

## ITALIAN RESTAURANTS.

With Moretti and Morello both out of business, this month sees the passing of two culinary landmarks of the older New York. The gastronomic will not mourn as he might have mourned a few years ago. New menu cards have lured him to palm-rooms and gold and white restaurants where the spaghetti (the truth must be told) is just as good, the au gratin dishes are just as savory and the music is better than in the Italian table d'hôte places that were so long a unique and popular feature of metropolitan cuisine.

At the time when Moretti and Morello were in their prime, French and Italian cooking was distinctively the vogue with both the well-to-do and the economical diner-out. To the latter a score or more of inexpensive tables d'hôte ministered; they appeared in the wake of the more ambitious restaurants, and by reason of good cooking and a foreign "atmosphere" they waxed prosperous. There were traditions of Delmonico making the rounds of modest Hotels de Paris or Jardins d'Ét in side streets downtown, where the tip was but a nickel and the dinner 30 cents, or perhaps 50, in search of a new soup or some novelty to please a palate gone stale on terrapin and canvas-back.

To the less fastidious table d'hôte rounder the discovery of a new basement pension in Macdougall street, or an al fresco rear-garden restaurant with ravioli or other Neapolitan delicacy, the joy was such as the watcher of the skies feels when a new planet swims within his ken.

Both Moretti and Morello had a distinguished patronage, the former pointing with pride to Patti, Jenny Lind and the Prince of Wales as frequenters of his dining-room. But each had outlived his prestige. They were in competition with new and formidable rivals, and with their limited facilities they were helplessly outclassed. The same movement that began the advance of the great hotels above Madison Square put an end to their pre-eminence. They were engulfed in the same vortex as the chop-houses.

## A PEOPLE'S PALACE.

The project of the People's Institute to erect a great people's palace, an east-side Madison Square Garden with provisions for music and the drama on a large scale, a capacious rendezvous for recreation, a great auditorium for public meetings, with roof garden and club-room facilities—it is a most ambitious and at the same time a most enlightened venture in philanthropy.

Is there any more remunerative form of almsgiving than this? It seeks to inspire the submerged man to better things by giving him a proprietary interest in a small way in club life, associating him with his fellow-men in a way to stimulate ambition and providing him with an environment that will promote higher social ideals. It is settlement work of a superior kind, supplementing the more ordinary form of philanthropy which is directed toward improving moral and mental conditions by means of bath-houses and gymnasiums and libraries.

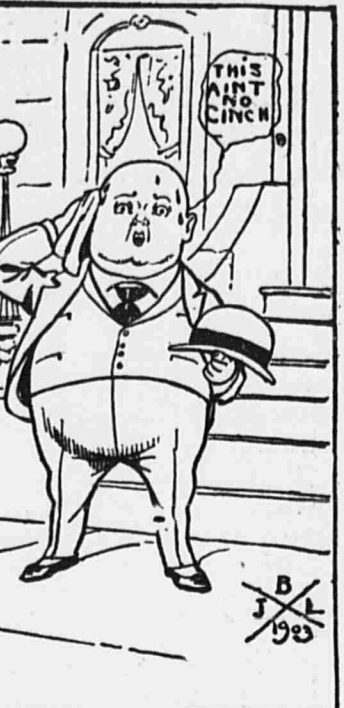
It renders the poor familiar with some of the pleasures that make life worth living for the rich.

How welcome this kind of missionary work is on the east side an idea can be had from the large attendance at the roof garden of the Educational Alliance, which was visited by 400,000 persons within eleven weeks. The benefit derived by these visitors could be immeasurably increased and extended by the larger facilities of a people's palace as projected. It is altogether one of the most praiseworthy humanitarian undertakings ever planned, and incidentally it offers benevolent millionaires a rare opportunity to earn the genuine gratitude of a most deserving part of the community.

## ADVANTAGES OF KNOCKING.

"Throw the hammers into the lake; stop knocking." is the rebuke hurled by Robert C. Chatfield-Taylor against those who criticize Chicago.

The advice is bad; criticism makes for progress, and the absence of it permits the continuance of the imperfections and shortcomings which handicap and hold back. If there had been no fault-finding should we not be ploughing with forked sticks and harvesting with sickles like the old Egyptians? Should we have displaced the stage coach with the locomotive, or the sailing vessel with the ocean liner? If man were not given to knocking would he have half the rights that are now his as the reward of his protests against wrongs? Knocking is a good thing. If the object against which it is directed deserves the castigation there is a resulting improvement and a higher standard. If undeserved it falls harmless, defeating its own ends. The critic has a mission in life no less important than that of the one who constructs and creates. Let us continue to knock, thereby ending abuses and holding the world up to its best efforts.

TOLD ABOUT  
NEW YORKERS.

THERE is one, at least, of President Nicholas Murray Butler's Columbia boys who does not share in the almost universal fondness for that dignity. This is the reason: A friend of the young Columbian had been singing the later's praises to Butler, and ended with the statement: "That boy has lots of brains!"

"He ought to have," replied the President. "I notice he never runs the risk of losing any of them by bringing them to college with him."

Chauncey Depew's face has become associated in the public mind with the trim white side whiskers that have so long framed it. These whiskers have evidently taken a hold on the public's imagination as well as of its mind, for on the rare occasions when they are shaved no one notes the fact. Even men who have talked with the Senator for an hour at such times fail to detect the absence of the time-honored accessories.

Lawyer "Abel" Levy tells this on a young light of the bar whose parents are wealthy and whose cases are few: "You've all heard the English story of the man who hung around the court-room after he had been cleared on the charge of stealing trousers and, when his lawyer wanted to know why he didn't go on about his business, said: 'Easy, man; wait till the other fellows are gone; I've got the pants on now.' Well, my story is something like that, but it's different and it's true. The young lawyer was mightily tickled when he got a case, and when he got a fee he blew it in in celebration. Going home the night after he had celebrated, he was stopped and relieved of his watch, a big, handsome timepiece his father had given him. The next day a court attendant steered him against a tough who was charged with beating a man and was likely to be sent away for it, as the victim was in very bad shape. The tough engaged the young lawyer, and they talked over the defense. As he was going, the lawyer remembered his fee and asked the tough what means he had. 'The police have got my bundle,' he said, and gave the lawyer an order for his effects. When the package was opened there was the lawyer's watch and a diamond pendant that had been snatched from his sister's neck nearly a year before. What? No, the tough didn't go to the pen; the young lawyer didn't think it was ethical to squeal."

W. C. De Mille, the young playwright, who recently married a daughter of the late Henry George, has so finely developed an athletic figure that Henry George, Jr., asked him some time ago to pose as "Spartan" for a group of clever amateur sculptors who were modelling. "Fire away," laughed De Mille, dropping into the pose. "I suppose your idea in choosing me was to make art as unattractive as possible."

LETTERS.  
QUESTIONS.  
ANSWERS.

In 1878 and in 1889.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
In what years did Easter Sunday fall on the 21st day of April since the year 1873?  
L. SIMES.

Yes, in New York State.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Is it lawful for cousins to marry?  
X. Y. Z.

Praise for "Harry."  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Having read a letter of denunciation of the usual disposition of those young men named "Harry" I feel it would be unjust if I do not come to their aid. I have always found young men by that name frank, honest, interesting and courteous. I have found them of true disposition, always manly and honorable. I hope that more readers who have met young men by the name of Harry will give their opinion. AMO.

Satellite Slap at Landlords.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I have read of the families who are refused rooms in tenements and flats on account of having children. Yet landlords gladly accept as tenants a family of two husbands and wife—with two or three dogs. I should advise all who are looking for rooms in tenements and flats, where the owners are located, to put muzzles on their children and make them appear as much as possible like a dog. Then, perhaps, they will be taken in. I am afraid that an outside house to lodge children in will have to be built to every house, very much the same as is a stable built outside of a house in country places, but I fear there is very little chance of even this being done. M. A. D. C.

## THE HOUSE-CLEANING PLAGUE IS RIFE IN GOTHAM.

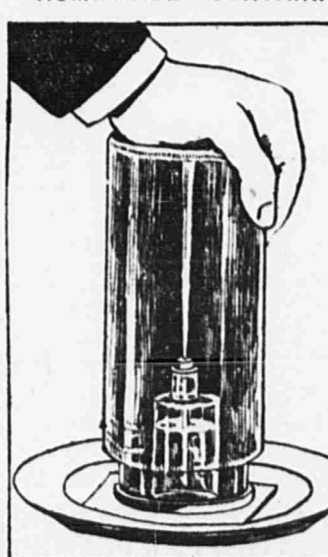


## NOW, WHO'S BOSS?

Through these balmy days bucolic wafts an atmosphere caribolic. There is camphor in the hangings, there are soapsuds on the stair, And one's wife has oft looked neater than in role of carpet-beater; And we breathe in tea leaves, dust and tacks with every ounce of air.

## HOME FUN FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

## HOME-MADE FOUNTAIN.



A bottle three-quarters full of water with a glass tube or a straw running through the cork nearly to the bottom is set on moist blotting paper. A large glass jar is warmed over a lamp and inverted over the bottle, with its edges pressed firmly on the wet paper. As the air in the jar cools and contracts the pressure of the air in the bottle forces out the water in a jet which will strike the top of even a tall jar, if it has been well warmed.

## CONUNDRUMS.

When may a man's pocket said to be empty and yet have something in it? When it has a hole in it.  
What word is it which has but five letters, yet when two are taken away it leaves one? Stone.  
What is a man like who is in the middle of the river and can't swim? Like to be drowned.  
What extraordinary kind of meat is to be bought in the Isle of Wight? Mutton from Cows.  
When is a blow from a lady welcome? When she strikes you agreeably.  
What letter in the Dutch alphabet will name an English lady of title? A Dutch S.  
Why was the whale that swallowed Jonah like a milkman who has retired on an independency? He took a great profit (prophet) out of the water.  
Why can't a fisherman be generous? Because his business makes him (sell fish) selfish.  
A frog, duck and lamb wanted to go to a dollar circus, but had no money; how did they get in? The frog gave his green back, the duck his bill and the lamb his fore quarters.  
What is the first thing a gardener sets in his garden? His foot.  
How many sticks go to the building of a crow's nest? None; they're all carried.  
How can you shoot 120 hares at once? Shoot at a wig.  
What word is that which if you add a syllable to it will make it shorter? Short (shorter).  
Why is a coachman like the cloud? He hides the rain (rain).

## INVERTED PIN TRICK.



Look toward a window through a pinhole in a card held four inches in front of one eye, the other eye being closed. Between the eye and the card hold a pin, head up. You see it inverted, or head down. What you see is the shadow of the pin thrown on the retina by the light from the pinhole. This shadow, if erect, or head up, and it therefore appears inverted, or head down, because it is in the same position as an ordinary image; formed by the lens of the eye, of a pin held head down, for all such images are really inverted in the eye as in a photographic camera, though to our consciousness they appear to be erect, or right side up, because we know that the objects are so.

Some of the Best  
Jokes of the Day.

**THE TRUTH MERELY.**  
"See here," said Mrs. Starvem, after the new boarder's first meal, "when I agreed to give you reduced rates you told me you were a light eater."  
"So I am, ma'am," he replied. "I'm the Human Salamander at the museum. You'd oughter see me swallow burning torches."—Philadelphia Press.

**AN INDICATION.**  
"Sis is engaged to that feller that calls every night," announced the boy.  
"How do you know?" they asked.  
"Cause she doesn't powder her face any more when he's coming," answered the observing youngster.—Chicago Post.

**MISUNDERSTOOD.**  
McQuerry—"You're not so attentive to Miss Roxley as I thought you would be. Hunter—No. You see—she told me she didn't go in for social pleasures since her father had failed.  
McQuerry—"Poor old man! He is falling dreadfully. Quite a physical wreck. Hunter—Gee whizz! Is that what she meant?"—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

**A CALIFORNIA REPUTATION.**  
Visitor—"They say Californians are great liars.  
Resident—"That's an unmitigated slander. No Californian ever told a lie—Comfort.

**CAN'T TELL HIM MUCH.**  
Wigg—"I can always tell a college graduate.  
Wagg—"Huh! I bet you can't tell him much."—Philadelphia Record.

## PERCY PERICLES AND THE GIRL.

They Discuss the National Game, from Opposite Standpoints.

PERCY PERICLES THIMBLETON was really quite flushed and his voice almost trembled with excitement as he turned to his counter mate, Maggie Mulligan and tapped:  
"What do you thing, Margaret, I went to a ball game yesterday!"  
Maggie gave an encouraging snort and made a few gym circles with her chewing gum.  
"Yes, really," continued Percy, patting down the pants in his buttonhole, "and it was awfully exciting. Why, did you know at one time they actually called the umpire old names, and some rough men shook their fists at him."  
"I honestly and truly do," returned Percy, breathlessly "for I saw it with my own eyes."  
Miss Mulligan stuck the gum to the edge of the counter and turning to the fair-haired Thimbleton, began:  
"Saw a game myself, Sunday, Percy."  
"Not on Sunday, Margaret?"  
"That's watered, an' say, it was a peach. The Canarsie Crocoders was playing Dutch Killa. In the fourth inning it was eleven to eleven. Dutch Killa was at the bat. Flatnose Schmidt had just died at first."  
"Horror! Was it heart disease, Margaret?"  
"New, they nailed him to the tag."  
"Awful!"  
"When Bumface Schneider came up they passed him along to the morgue on a high one. Slippery Slammer broke his neck trying to reach Mulligan's curves an' the Canarsie Crocoders came in."  
"Maggie Mulligan smashed one out for two lumps, but Fig Beerbauer stabbed him when he tried to pinch the third bag. Then Pretzel, the Dutch Killa twirler, handed out a stack of four flushes and Paddy Flynn, Eddie O'Brien an' Spike O'Connor filled the beds. Then our brother Billy came up and walloped out their home hide for a call. The Canarsie bunch was dead sure it was a homer and they sloped in. But Biddy Flower, the umpire, said it was a foul. Maggie watched her gum, and after a few chews, chirped: "Their doctors think he may live, but he'll be in the hospital eight months. But say, Percy, that game was a shine for excitement compared to the one Sunday fore last The Canarsie"—but Percy had swooned.

WHY KENTUCKIANS  
ARE ALL COLONELS.

A colonel from Kentucky met a colonel from New York. One took Bourbon, the other took rye. (Puzzle: —?) Said the colonel from New York: "Served in the Confederate army, I suppose?"  
"No, suh."  
"What, in the Union army?"  
"NO, SUH!"  
"Oh, you were too young. Served in the National Guard, or was it on the Governor's staff?"  
"No."  
"Why, bless me! How then did you acquire the title of colonel if you have never served?"  
"Colonel, sah, out in Kentucky is a title given to white male persons who have added to their bright title of gentleman the distinction of never having taken advantage of modern conditions which do not permit us to call a scoundrel out to ask impudent questions, suh."

## ON THE EVENING WORLD PEDESTAL.



Children! Our Pedestal to-day  
Holds John D. Rock-e-feller,  
Whose famous "cent-a-gallon" rise  
Has sent the oil price to the skies.  
He now observes with glad surprise  
That, when he golfs, his baldness shines  
And daily he grows wailer.